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THE LINCOLN CABIN

SAXE CHURCHILL STIMSON



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THE LINCOLN CABIN AND OTHER POEMS

BY
SAXE CHURCHILL STIMSON

AUTHOR OF
THE TRENCH LAD

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THE LINCOLN CABIN

THE LINCOLN CABIN

Humble on the farm, to stand,
Where wood-vines still entwine;
The palace of the land,
The nation's shrine.

Here he came forth,
As children we are taught.
Rich in simple worth,
Earth's mighty deeds he wrought!

Hardly he toiled, and strove,
'Tis written in the homely frame;
Life's richest fabric he wove,
The world brings homage to his name!

Like Christ for men, he had a heart,
He lifted up a race.
He did his part—
We see it in his face.

Lowly on the farm to stand,
Where wood-vines will entwine;
The Temple of the land,
The people's shrine!

APRIL

April thou gentle month,
With now a shower of rain,
Sunshine and bright skies
And soon it rains again!

The wind is blowing soft
And the eves trickle.
Things are being born
—Thou month, so fickle.

Foolish are they
Who grumble at thy weather;
God knows our needs,
And waters wheat and heather!

ARCADIA

Sunshine and gentle breeze,
And landscape all of green,
Summer mid the meadow trees,
How tranquil is the scene.

Just to sit all day
And watch the sheep.
The lark projects his lay,
The jays a trysting keep!

Calling from the tip
Of yonder pine-tree;
And nature's variegated lip
Is making melody.

The sheep are cropping close
The juicy growth of grass,
Spread across the pasture,
A gray and moving mass.

How perfect is the scene,
The flock upon the glade.
The lilies deck the green!
They loiter in the shade.

JERUSALEM

Jerusalem! thou shalt not be hid,
Fair city of four hills.
Temples tombs, and ancient wall,
Whate'er Jehovah wills.

Favored city of our God,
Splendid in thy day!
Here David set his royal throne,
And walked his kingly way.

Here the Jew shall come again,
In thy vineyards raise his fruit,
Lasting joy shall crown his head;
Greet his Christ with harp, and lute.

Jerusalem, in thy glory!
Zion City in thy fall—
The Bible tells the tragic story,
Serving, sinning, suffering all.

Solomon built his wondrous temple,
Marvelous with its gems and gold.
Cedars from the woods of Lebanon,
Marvelous temple, wealth untold!

Jesus stood upon thy street
Teaching in the trader's mart.
And in sorrow he did weep,
And failed to win thy Hebrew heart.

Jerusalem, thou shalt not be hid,
Grand again, upon the hills!
Temples, tomb, and ancient wall,
Whate'er Jehovah wills.

MUSIC

Dost thou love music,
Then draw near,
And melody of harmonies
Thou shalt hear.

Orchestra bells are ringing,
And the soft flute floats
Upon the ear,
And joins the organ notes.

Sweet voices are singing
A rhapsody of song;
The trumpet and the trombone,
Their sounding tones prolong.

The violin tells of heaven
On its strings!
The piano, harp,—viola,
The rustle of angel's wings.

THE SKY

Behold the grandeur that's above!
Behold the glory of the sky,
Sunshine and bright clouds,
And all the beauties nigh!

Though earth be soiled
The sky is pure and clean;
Up from the alley!
The pink and blue are seen.

Mountains of billowy masses
Touched by the western glow;
Peaks valleys, and crevasses,
And now the gorgeous rainbow!

Behold the grandeur that's above,
Behold the glory of the sky,
Sunshine and bright clouds
And all the colors nigh.

Look up, not down,
Where the glowing clouds expand!
Look forward, and not back,
And lend a hand!

MARY MAGDALENE

Double dyed in sin
Was she,
Till Christ looked down in love,
And set her free.

Mary the Magdalene,
Prostrate at His feet.
The woman and her Lord
On earth, did meet.

Last at the cross,
And first at the tomb was she,
For she loved her Lord,
Who set her free.

Double dyed in sin?
Now snow-white, and forgiven,
Through all eternity
She'll reign, in heaven!

GODDESS OF LIBERTY

We're proud of America
In the world's dark hour!
She has shown herself
A true world power!

Giving herself to others,
With unstinted hand;
All mankind her brothers,
In a foreign land!

Leading in Liberty!
And gospel of Christ—
She sets no price
On her sacrifice.

THE SEA-SHELL

It is a sea-shell,
Of wondrous hue,
Silvery transparency
Tinted pink, and azure blue.

He found the sea-shell
On the ocean's shore,
And the battling waves do beat it
—O'er,—and o'er.

It is so beautiful,
Of wondrous hue,
Silver transparency, tinted pink,
And azure blue!

Thy soul is as the sea-shell
On eternity's shore,
And the battling waves do beat it
O'er, and o'er, and o'er.

It is so beautiful,
Worn to priceless hue!
And thy Lord doth love
Its treasured pink, and tinted azure blue.

JEWEL CASKET

Live the beautiful life,
Mellowing with the years,
What matters the burden and strife
To the heart that smiles through tears!

Naught is so grand
As beautiful living!
God's own hand
The pattern giving.

Beautiful life,
And beautiful presence,
With these you are rife
With heaven's essence!

THE SEA

Gray and washing ocean,
Let us sit by thee,
And watch thy motion,
Thou ever moving sea.

On the rocks beating,
The sail and the distant boat ;
Near the waves retreating,
Above the clouds that float.

To many a foreign land
The steamers go ;
The storms rage upon the strand !
The health-laden breezes blow.

Blue and ceaseless motion
Here is rest by thee,
The grandeur of the ocean !
The mystery of the sea.

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Not death, transition is a better word,
Fling wide the shutters, let the sunshine in,
Bring here another bunch of roses!
And to the shroud a pink and lily pin.

The coffin is a couch of rosewood
Whereon to rest thy wellbeloved dead,
All things will be as they should,
Believers have no need of dread.

Life's toil and struggle for thy loved, is o'er,
They're happy in the homeland,
This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!
Christ's parting promise take, and understand.

HAYING

Across the meadows
Come the scents,
Of mixed aromas,
Mingled mints.

Perfumes delicious
The new mown hay!
And the felled clover
On the harvest day.

We would breathe it all,
Our lungs expand!
Where the soft south-wind
Wafts across the land.

Fruit of the acres!
Vine and plant, and butterfly,
And odor of hay and clover,
Curing neath the sky.

HAPPINESS

Oh, the pure joy of living!
The flush of health's glow,
The buoyant air breathing,
To think! and to know!

Oh the rare joy of being—
The walk of the morning;
The far acres teeming,
Their fruitage adorning!

Oh, the rich joy of serving
Your neighbor, your God;
The task never swerving—
Upturning the sod!

The leap in the water!
The forest to roam!
The pots and the kettles
The music of home.

Oh the pure joy of living!
Like the lark on the wing;
Proclaim a thanksgiving
Earth's riches to sing!

COUNTRY LIFE

Keep to the farm my boy,
Stay by the growing acres!
Mind and hands employ,
The town has many fakers.

The farm is the place of health
To feed the cities need!
The farm is the place of wealth,
Rich treasures it doth breed!

Man is never greater
Than on the farm,
When he deserts her
Then sound the world's alarm!

THE CAPTAIN

On fighting field
We hold our stand.
Advance or yield
God's in command.

Civil stress
Pervades the land
To curse or bless.
God's in command!

The look is bright,
His guiding hand.
Ahead there's light!
God's in command.

HIS WAY

God's way is best.
Though hard to see
How it can be.
—God's way is best.

His way is best.
The verdict of the years
Doth prove our needless fears,
His way is best.

God's way is best.
Where'er he leads today,
Sometime we'll say,
His way was best.

WISDOM

Wisdom is not knowledge,
The lines of printed page
To fill the head,
With all that's learned and sage.

Wisdom is experience!
You must live
The fiery trial,
E'er her fruitage she will give!

So count it not strange,
Do not criticize
God's plan.
For it makes you good and wise.

PEARL OF RARE PRICE

Loves golden hour
Like a string of pearl,
A manly man
And his chosen girl.

Window casement,
Full moon bright;
Stars in the heavens
And a glorious night.

Loves golden hour,
Lives linked together,
And no eternity
Those lives to sever.

Sacred pleasure
From above!
Earth's holy treasure
Is—to love.

PEACE

Peace—sweet peace,
O'er the troubled world.
The martial sounds to cease,
The battle-flags all furled.

Peace that passeth understanding,
May it forever reign;
Flowers and verdure springing
The blue-birds sing again!

Love throned in every nation,
Hand joined with hand.
Hatred to have cessation—
Peace—peace! on sea and land.

SONG OF THE SHOP

Hurrah for our job!
Best of the earth;
And money enough,
Whatever you're worth.

The crash of the hammer!
The ring of the steel!
Press pullies and clammer,
The whirl of the wheel!

A breath of free air
Neath a fifty-foot roof,
Arms like Achilles—
We carry the proof!

Hurrah for our job,
We wouldn't trade
For the best paper job,
That ever was made!

THE DAISY

Dainty dot of gold
With its fringe of white,
For thy lover to behold
A thousand in sight!

Dotting in the meadow,
Dimpling in the lane,
Smiling in the shadow
Growing in the grain.

We'd rather wear thee, daisy
On our breast,
Than jeweled emblem
Or an earl's crest!

Dotting in the meadow
Dimpling in the lane,
Stay with us all summer
Then—come again!

THE POOR MAN

Everyman's born poor,
And poor he must depart.
What place has rank of gold
Or lifted pride of heart!

The poor man has the earth
All to enjoy;
There're rich in honest worth
Who mind and hands employ.

Blessed are the poor
For heaven they shall inherit,
Happy are the poor
Who achieve by patient merit.

There's many a nobleman
Clad in overalls!
A heart within of a prince or king,
He goes where the day's work calls!

The poor man builds the world,
Homes, castles, and proud towers!
Aloft the structures rise
By the wand of his working hours.

Everybody's born poor,
And poor they must depart.
What right has rank of wealth
Or lifted pride of heart!

THE SACRAMENT

Sacred elements of bread and wine,
That doth our sin remove;
To fit this erring frailty
To come at last above.

Humbly we break the bread,
Kneeling in contrition.
The blessed Lord looks down
Forgiving our condition!

Take eat, it is my body,
That all your guilt once bore;
Drink the wine it is my blood,
And go and sin no more!

Sometime—in heaven
With friends we'll pass the cup.
Sometime, in that fair land
With God, and Christ, we'll sup!

THE PAINTER

Creator of the beautiful,
With his many colors,
The painter sees the beautiful
Then paints it for others!

He brings us foreign lands,
He pictures distant scenes,
He recreates the past—
The future's ideal dreams!

Purples—pinks—and yellows
On his canvass spread,
The mother in the shadows,
The baby's golden head!

Nature in her loveliness,
The mountain's frowning peak!
The painter finds them out
Art's treasures he doth seek.

Our homes are beautiful
With his many colors;
The painter sees the beautiful
Then paints it for others!

GETHSEMANE

Lord may the clouds in this life lift,
The way today, is dark,
Break somewhere a shining rift
To guide a storm-tossed bark.

We look across the valley
Where the mists are setting low,
Stand today, our ally,
There comes a nameless foe.

The gale is on the ocean!
The fog is on the sea—
Fear and dread our portion,
Naught is sure, but Thee.

THE CALL

Give us men!
The work is great,
Send us men—
The world's at fate!

They who for a cause
Can live or die.
The needs of all the earth
Are marching by!

Don't you hear the music
Playing in the street?
The trumpet and the bugle,
The drum, and tread of feet!

Send us men
The work is pressing great!
Men! Men!
All earth's at fate.

MAN'S HUMANITY TO MAN

A hundred years have gone
Since the poet's song,
"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"

A century of armed strife,
Waterloo to Verdun,
Red blots on the world's life,
Man's record, what he has done.

There is a better way, than this,
For warring nations.
Spend on the arts of peace
Thy vast creations!

Let science lend itself to men
And plan for their good.
Not rearing a tiger's den,
And turning on the world the murderous brood.

Cause flowers to grow
Where none grew before.
The deserts of the earth sow
And to the needy, open the door.

Shall we now come forth reclad,
Planning good instead of bad!
Turning to day the night
Turning to joy the sad.
Shall the world now write—
“Man’s humanity to man
Makes countless millions glad!”

ROSES

Loveliest of the flowers,
Loveliest of all earth,
O that of thy loveliness
—There is no dearth!

Roses, Roses
Here pink ones growing.
Roses, Roses
There red ones blowing.

Blooming in Spring-time,
Blossoming in June-time;
Rose chalice on the trellis
Scenting every clime!

Loveliest of the flowers,
Loveliest of all earth,
Natal gift
At the earth's birth.
O that of thy rose loveliness!
There is no dearth.

MOTHER

The angel mother,
Whose fair face
Is more to us
Than a madonna's grace.

I see her bending o'er me,
The sympathizing look
And gentle voice,
That always kindness spoke.

Though all the world condemn!
Her faith was in me;
Whate'er I am
Her love has made me!

God has intrusted
All to mother,
When she is gone
There is no other.

REQUIEM LINES

The tear becomes thy cheek today,
For a great man is gone.
Lift thy heart in a plaintive lay,
And sing the dirge-like song.

The world seems empty, today,
Heads are bowed in sorrow;
Who will lead the nation on her way
Or cheer the lone tomorrow!

Mourn for the felled estate
Of him who is lying low.
Forget not his righteous hate
In dealing wrong the stinging blow!

And men will build cities as of yore,
Rearing aloft the high emblazoned dome,
And others then will write their eager score,
Borne on the public's wave of popular foam.

How fitting at last is death,
As noble and at peace, they lie;
Who would bring back the parted breath?
Or recreate the souls of those who die.

He had a dream and lived it,
He saw a people severed from the wrong!
He served a nation but to save it,
He bore the jeers and plaudits of a throng.

Statesman rest—thy task accomplished!
Head no more the party's call;
Naught to thee, victorious, vanquished,
Or that issues rise or fall.

Mourn for a manly hero!
There is a place in life for grief,
There is joy in pleasure and in sorrow,
In tears and grief, the heart doth find relief.

And in some humble mound consign our chief;
There one with nature, mingled with the clod,
Let nature rear her perfect picture,
Man's work here ends, he lives again, with God!

SUN - DWELLER

Thinking exalted thoughts
Viewing the noble things,
Skyward-bound—
You shall have wings.

The sordid needs of earth
Do fill and crowd the day,
We buy and sell, and live and toil
For this abode of clay.

But—Sun-dweller!
Join yourself to the morning star,
And sky-bound
Take your way in a wing-ed car!

THE CITY OF GOLD

There is a city made with gold,
I have seen it in the clouds,
I have heard its wafted music
Just at eve, ere night enshrouds.

There is no sorrow in that city
There is no night there,
Nor pain, nor suffering,
Nor everburdening care.

Temples turrets, and towers!
At evening I behold
That wondrous city—
Adorned with gems, and made with gold.

SONG OF ALL NATIONS

Great God thou art often pleased
To shield thine own from wrong;
In notes of praise our voice is raised,
In melody of song!

The Hebrews came unto the sea,
Their masters did persue,
You said your people should be free
And the ocean overthrew!

Thermopylae! Where stood the Greek!
And liberty arose;
Full courage came unto the weak
And fought a million foes!

Art, learning, and Christian hope,
Lay bare before the horde,
A heavenly champion did cope,
Our Victor in the Lord!

Freedom of the western world
Did bloom, and shed its ray,
And all the eastern world
Now glories in the day!

One last attempt did monarchs make
To bind the sons of men,
Upon the Marne was set the stake,
They shall not pass—again!

Our God thou art often pleased
To guard thine own from wrong.
In notes of praise our voice is raised,
In lines of noble song!

THE PRODIGAL SON

Traveling the world up and down,
Beating the battling sea!
Where'er I roam, back home,
There's a light in the window for me!

I see its rays a-streaming
Into the night afar;
Through the years its friendly gleaming
Has been my guiding star!

They tell me God has a cure
For outcasts such as me.
A remedy certain and sure,
To set a poor fellow free.

Roaming the world up and down!
Sailing the trackless sea,
Tonight I'm setting back home
To the light in the window for me!

THE MISSISSIPPI

Father of Waters
Flowing to the gulf.
Draining a continent,
Winding through plain and bluff.

Majestic river! Stately, broad and grand,
World-commerce bearing on thine arms;
Plantations of sugar and cotton,
Banks crowned with a thousand farms!

Thy upper regions have a natural beauty,
Tourist's mecca of scenery,
Broad and fertile valley,
Woods, rocks, and hills of greenery!

River of two zones
Meeting the sea, below;
By cities, states, and Empire!
Goes thy wide, majestic flow.

EASTWARD HO!

China calls me, I must go,
Her people live beneath the pall
Of suffering, ignorance and vice;
China Land—I hear thy call!

The boat shall bear us to the orient,
Where missions daring banner is unfurled;
The Indes—mid the ocean's current!
And Singapore! The cross-roads of the world!

There is happiness in serving,
Miss not life's rarest thrill
Of ministering to the deserving;
And telling Brown-men of His way and will.

India has a host of devotees
Who bind themselves in throbbing pain;
We'll seek them with a modern chivalry,
Knight-errant tour the distant main!

The Congo calls us, we must go,
Her people low beneath the pall
Of misery, wretchedness, and vice;
Congo Land! We heed thy call!

VESPERS

The holy quiet hour
On sabbath night.
The organ's swelling power
Leads our song flight.

The holy quiet hour,
How good to be
Humble and near,
At one with Thee.

Before the altar
In the accustomed seat;
We read the psalter,
And dear friends meet.

Life's shadows lengthen—
How good to be,
Hear in thy presence,
At one with Thee.

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